

THE  
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF  
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL  
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF  
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,  
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo*, sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,  
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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A DISCUSSION of considerable importance took place in the Equity Court, at Westminster, last week, on the long disputed right of music-sellers to the copyright of foreign works in this country, and arising immediately out of an injunction obtained by the house of Chappell some months since, restraining Messrs. Purday of Holborn from the sale of certain arrangements of the overture, and other parts of *Fra Diavolo*, printed by them, and the prayer of the latter to be released from the said injunction. The lord chief baron of the Exchequer decided in favour of such release, at the same time enjoining Messrs. Purday to keep a correct account of the sale of the publications in question, in order that the plaintiffs, if they think proper, may sue for the full amount of damages in a court of law. It appeared in evidence, that the claim of the plaintiffs was at best but a somewhat equivocal one, independently of the very ambiguous state in which the present laws on the subject leave all such matters—an evil that cries loudly to the legislature for redress, affecting, as it does, the interests both of professors and publishers—the public—and the Art itself. It were much to be wished that these laws should be remodelled, or, at least, so clearly defined that the business part of the Musical World might know how far right was justice, and where wrong became a danger; for, at present, the whole system of English copyright in foreign music seems to be but a vague lottery, in which all may speculate who will; but three or four of the larger houses taking by far the greater number of chances, gain at once the cream of the venture, and the means to disparage their brother adventurers.

We would be the last to fetter, even with a spider's film, the wings of Art and Knowledge, which, to accomplish their destiny, should be free as the winds they cleave; and we should glory in the promulgation of some inter-national law, by which the artist and the man of letters—Heaven's tenderest children—would inherit the full value of their works all over the world, to which they are given;

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but we can see neither justice nor reason in the logical, rather than legal doctrine which entitles the foreign composer to a copyright in England, at the very moment that English works are open to unlicensed publication abroad, and, in fact, are constantly re-produced within a week of their original appearance here, at less than half their native price—thus spreading the said works over the Continent, America, and even our own colonies, without one tittle of emolument to their authors or the publishers, in whom they have vested their copyrights. Since, therefore, some law on the subject seems needful, and since we dare not hope for the present adoption of so enlarged a measure as that to which we have fondly alluded, let us imitate our neighbours and protect ourselves, until some happy millennium shall arrive, and the whole brotherhood of humanity shall make common cause—the stronger for the weaker, the mighty for the mental, and the gifted for all.

We have asserted our belief, that the present system is injurious to all classes of musical society, and to Music herself; we will endeavour to shew the bases on which we have grounded that opinion. In the first place, there are several houses of extensive business in London whose staple consists of re-published foreign music; now, we admit this might be rendered a great artistical advantage; but, as the catalogues of the said houses contain, upon the average, as much evil as good, it will be readily conceived that the public taste is thus, little, if at all, benefitted, while the native musician finds his rivals increased, his market abridged, and his ardent endeavours either stifled in their birth or neutralized in their effect. Next, let us examine the tenure upon which foreign copyrights are said to be naturalized in this country; it is an axiom in legislation, that nothing can be guaranteed without an equivalent, and that all enactments for individual security must also conduce to general advantage; hence, the laws establishing copyright by the entry of works at Stationers' Hall, ordain that sundry copies of the said works, in their most perfect form and printed on the best paper, shall be deposited in the national libraries, free of charge, for the use of the public. Now, it has been cleverly argued, and reluctantly admitted, that simultaneous publication may establish a copyright in two places at once—that is to say, if a work be proved to have been published in London and Naples on the same day—since it would be next to impossible to say which had priority, by reason of the variation of clocks and of equation—this negative affirmation is allowed to establish the primogeniture in both places: all this we submit to be logic, not law. But let us see how it is accomplished:—the English publisher, thus constrained to race, as it were, against time, is under the necessity of winning the stakes even after he has purchased them; and, in the evident liability to lose what he has paid for, plays off a most notable *ruse de commerce* upon the law and the public, by printing—not “the entire work,” but snatches of melody therefrom, without harmonies, accompaniments, or sequence; in short, just a sufficient number of bars from each subject to mutilate it beyond the possibility of adoption by others, well knowing that the *basses* of airs, and even the *tuttis* of larger works, are totally useless without the *motivos* whence they spring, and to which they owe their vitality: thus, adroitness, not right prevails, and the shelves of our public libraries are burdened with garbled rubbish, which to preserve is but to transmit to posterity tokens of the disgrace and folly, to say nothing of the cupidity, of the age we live in. But how is the trade affected by these strange doings? Does it flourish? Does it

prosper? Are its members thriving or content? We believe the shrewdest and most implicated will at once answer "No" to these queries. The time was, when the re-publication of foreign works was like digging from a gold mine, but the burnish is now all that remains of the metal; our continental brother artists, finding that something could be got by their labours in this country, as well as at home, very justly determined to share it; and our publishers being compelled to purchase much that is unavailable for the sake of securing the little that is, find their means cramped, and their ability to deal liberally with native talent totally out of the question. Moreover, the accumulation of pewter and waste paper in their warehouses leaves them, after overstocking the market, walled in by disagreeables, and with leisure enough to consider how they can most securely annoy, and defend themselves against, each other. The most enlightened mercantile men are well aware that similar results commonly attend upon the like unnatural proceedings—that there is a wide mark of distinction between speculation and enterprise—that the latter may engender failure but not vexation; while the former very rarely escapes the one or the other, and most frequently involves its votaries in both.

What then, it will be asked, is to be our remedy? Cry your mercy, courteous reader, the unguents are not always so readily definable as the diagnosis of the disease. Wiser heads and deeper discussions than we can presume to bring to bear upon the question, must argufy and decide it. Our humble duty is fulfilled in the earnest attempt to awaken and invoke attention to a matter which must be interesting to all, and is really and sensibly oppressive to many, as well as to that beautiful Art which it is the glory of civilization to encourage and sustain.

If we may be permitted to advance an opinion on the subject, we should incline towards the support of a proposal put forth by Mr. John Barnett last year, for creating a tax on all foreign music, whether printed here or abroad, equivalent to what might be deemed a fair compensation for the copyright charges of a native composer to his publisher. Such a suggestion seems to us to be at once useful and politic—a measure founded upon its principles would not prevent the dissemination of good foreign music, which is sure of purchasers at any cost; it would yield a certain return towards the finances of the country, and it would leave the native artist a fair field and a reasonable stimulus to competition. In these times of political disagreement when the whole business of the government is postponed, to consider and to prove whether or not it be just or needful to levy a protecting duty on sugar and corn, it may not be thought unanalogous to bear in remembrance that Music is, mentally, no less sweet and nourishing—If it be honourable to make laws for the discouragement of detestable African slavery, it is no less laudably merciful to give protection to native freemen—since the present conventions of society preclude the exercise of that brotherly reciprocity which enlightened men love to feel, and artists the most sensibly—in Heaven's name, let us have a protecting tax for the artist as well as for the farmer; for the cultivator of genius as well as the cultivator of sugar: let us have equal and defined laws for the "right divine" of the mindholder, as for that of the landholder—and thus let us hope to elevate British Music to its just value at home, and British Musicians to their just level amongst the gifted of the world.

## THE LIFE OF A COMPOSER, AN ARABESQUE.

BY CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

*(Continued from page 373.)*

Harlequin again appears, and assuming an imposing attitude, declaims the following in a pompous manner:—

Come, fierce declamation; come rant, and fume, and passion,  
 Nothing else will serve us now, you alone are all the fashion;  
 All feeling appears tame, and all passion seems at fault,  
 If the singer does not rave and scream all his part in 'alt.  
 Come, boldly mount aloft, and fear not, my noble bass,  
 The tenor will not be outdone, he'll find his proper place.  
 Come, boldly mount aloft, good dame Nature must give way;  
 Effect is all we want, and we'll have it, come what may.  
 Let the dancer be your model, see how brisk he bounds on high,  
 How he springs aloft in air, nay, does every thing but fly;  
 If you follow not his footsteps, and that too in quick progression,  
 He will beat you in the race, will outdo you in expression;  
 For fine feeling now-a-days in a *pirouette* is found,  
 And in an *entrechat* much deep pathos may abound.  
 To dance and sing, and sing and dance, is now, Sir, all the rage,  
 There's nothing else has power fix'd attention to engage.  
 My friend, if your orchestra would hit off the ruling taste,  
 With a *quantum suff.* of trumpets and trombones be it grac'd;  
 If in every other bar you but change your modulation,  
 You will hit the true expedient of starting into fashion.  
 Who asks for sense or reason, if a show of learning's found,  
 And difficulties strange and new at every step abound.  
 Of oboes, clarionets, and flutes, employ as full a store  
 As would have formerly supplied three operas or more;  
 Your basses turn to violins, your violins like mad  
 Must rant and tear; nay, never spare; effect, Sir, must be had,  
 Let the great drum in thunder come, to fill each languid pause—  
 Noise is your reign, your true domain,—then re-assert your cause.

*[Harlequin makes his exit in character.]*

A pause ensues: the public gradually becomes restless. The pause continues; signs of disapprobation begin to manifest themselves, and at length break forth in good earnest. The German Opera seems disinclined to make her appearance. The tumult increases; the manager is in the greatest embarrassment; at length Harlequin re-appears in a state of exhaustion, and thus begins:—"Ladies and gentlemen, pardon me if I have not time to compress into a few words what I am called upon to say upon the spur of the moment. I am unable to comprehend the cause of your displeasure; why attempt to prejudice our efforts for your entertainment? Where is your usual patience, which the merest promise has so often sufficed to satisfy? You imagine, I suppose, that your privileges are infringed. Well, as you have been made to wait, it is but just on your part to require a reason for your waiting.

"To be candid then, the German Opera goes on but very so so; she has been so crippled of late that it is impossible to bring her fairly upon her legs again. Many have been doing their endeavours to bolster her up, but all to no purpose. She has become so swollen and deformed, that no dress will fit her. Many have been the attempts to remedy this defect, sometimes by means of French, at others of Italian dresses; but all to no purpose; nothing could be more clumsy than these endeavours. At last, a few romantic tailors have hit upon the expedient of choosing genuine homespun materials, and of fashioning them according to the taste and fancy of other nations, without however adopting their extravagances.

"But hark! even now the thunder rolls above our heads; they are about to commence."

*(He retires quite exhausted, and mutters to himself in going.)*

"To a poetical Harlequin like myself, what a nuisance is this confounded prose!"

A solemn silence and general expectation now prevail.

AGNES BERNAUERIN.

A romantic national Melodrama. Dramatis Personæ—as many as necessary. Scene, the Heart of Germany.

FIRST SCENE—Scenic transformation.

SECOND SCENE.

*Agnes.* Alas! my soul is enfeebled and my spirits spent.

*Brunhilde.* O, mistress, attempt not to fathom the unfathomable depths of human sufferings. If you noble ladies take it into your heads to fall in love with misery and distress, will you excuse us for our dulness in not being so susceptible.

*Agnes.* Come to the castle garden: the gloom of its bower will better accord with the gloomy anticipation of my destiny, for it is necessary that I should anticipate it. [*Exit.*]

*Scene changes. Duke and Followers.*

*Duke.* Sir Knight, follow me to the castle-hall; there, amidst the festive pomp, shall she give you her hand. Should she refuse, deep in the gloom of the donjon keep shall vipers and serpents, according to custom—you understand me— [*Ereunt.*]

*Scene changes. Albrecht appears.*

*Albrecht.* Caspar, follow me.

*Scene changes. A Spirit appears in a warning Attitude.*

*Albrecht.* Who art thou, mysterious being?

*Spirit.* I have power to do all things. Hasten, noble youth; fear not; depend upon it I shall save you. Away—

*Albrecht.* To save her or to die!

(*Two Minstrels appear.*)

*Minstrels.* Wait noble lord; we can sing to you the history of all this.

TRANSFORMATIONS. Finale.

[*Rocky forest scenery. To the left, in the background, a Castle; opposite a Vineyard, more in front, a Hermit's Cell. To the left, in the foreground, a Cavern, somewhat further, a Bower; in the centre two hollow trees, further on a Subterranean Passage.*]

*Hermit enters singing a prayer. Agnes sings an air in the Castle, united with which is a chorus of vintagers from the opposite side. Albrecht is seen slumbering in the bower, and sings in his dream in interrupted tones. Caspar, through fear, sings a polonaise from the hollow trees. Robbers in the cavern sing a wild chorus. Protecting Genii hover in the air over Albrecht. Various noises are heard from behind the scenes. Warlike tumult. A distant march from the opposite side—of course these are all thunderbolts together. Two thunderbolts fall at opposite sides, and are heard to crash something or other.*

*All.* Ha! (*The curtain falls.*)

## ACT II.

A FUNERAL MARCH. (*Agnes is conducted over the bridge of Straubing; in the middle of the bridge her clothes are caught by a nail, and she is left hanging over the stream.*)

*Albrecht enters with Travellers.*

[Here an occasional air is introduced.]

(*Recit.*) Hasten, my friends, lose not a single moment;

If we delay she may be lost for ever!

Swear!

*Chorus.*

We swear.

O oath!

*Albrecht.*

ALLEGRO.

Though rocks should oppose me,

Though seas should enclose me,

I never would waver,

But hasten to save her.

See Fate threatens to sever

Her life-thread, but never

That prize shall he get:

Ah grave! thou art waiting

To take this sweet bait in;

But she'll cheat thee yet.

## A RIOSO.

O sweet little flower,  
Though Fate o'er thee lower,  
Yet soon shall my power

Restore thee,  
And o'er thee

Raise up thy fallen bower.

*Chorus.*

See the hero wildly raving !

See the maid his succour craving !

*Albrect.*

In solemn mood, how I delight

To trace the passions' mystic flight

As o'er my soul they dance in turn,

While now I freeze, and now I burn.

## PIU STRETTO.

But I will not waver,

I'll hasten to save her.

*Chorus.*

Hasten !

*Albrect.*

I never will waver.

*Chorus.*

No !

*Albrect.*

I hasten to save her,

To save her I hasten,

I hasten to save her !

(On the word Save, a cadence of a quarter of an hour.)

*Chorus.*

On to death or victory.

(They all swim through the water ; the Chancellor dashes out his brains against a stake at the water's side : Albrect rushes in with his Mistress in his arms ; enter the Duke in a rage.) Albrect exclaims Father !

(The Duke is instantly touched, and blesses the kneeling pair.)

## FINAL CHORUS.

This bridge, an arch of glory

Shall flourish famed in story.

Now is an end of grief and pain,

And everything's set right again.

*End of the Drama.*

(To be continued.)

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The following observations occurred to me on reading a paper in the May number of the "Dublin University Magazine," and I should feel obliged by your inserting them in your journal, if they are worthy of it.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully,  
Glasgow, June 6th, 1841. G. G.

## REMARKS ON "AN APOLOGY FOR HARMONY."

"Strange that such difference should be  
"Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee."—SWIFT.

As there is very little for me to notice in the opening of this paper, I shall at once pass over it, merely begging to call the attention of my readers to a precept which the Apologist lays down, and which perhaps he might more closely have followed than he has ; and that is, that we are "to add liberally to the catalogue of our virtues." After a very elegant and apposite simile, in which England is compared to a half-drowned giant, we come to the immediate object of his "apology"—namely, "Modern Scientific Music, or Harmony in general." Too much praise cannot be given to the Apologist for the way in which he has spoken of Mr. Bunting and Messrs. Moore and Stevenson, in fact, the way in which some of the old Irish melodies had been dressed up by the latter gentleman, really deserved some reprobation, and it is surprising that none has been bestowed on it before.

I must beg, however, to take an objection to the last part of the next, "That the farther we go back, the more perfect shall we find melody ; but as taste, skill, and knowledge, advance, we approximate nearer to excellence in harmony." How, then, is it that such overwhelming pieces of harmony and contrivance, or science, as we find in the undying works of Palestrina, Handel, and Bach, cannot be equalled now-a-days ? How is it that all that we degenerate mortals do, must be done in imitation of "these ancients ?" Cer-



tainly, in contrivance, we are sadly fallen from what we were in the days of those giants in English church music—Tallis, Byrde, Gibbons, and Purcell;—certainly, the sublime and solemn effects which, with all this science, they produced, have yet to be realized by us;—certainly, the beauty and elegance of the minuets, the lovely expression and perfect adaptation of the songs, and the magnificence and grandeur of the choruses of the noble Handel, are not now among our attainments; in what way, then, has harmony become finer the nearer we approach to our own days?

Surely, if the Apologist had heard (which we hope he did) the last performance of the Sacred Harmonic Society, of English Anthems, ranging from 1550 downwards, he would not have said that there was lack of science or real harmony in the old masters. Our author was once, it seems, at a provincial town, and on going to a concert given by a Reverend Amateur, was doomed to bear two hours of the strict "Corelli school"—(Let it be remembered that the "Corelli School," besides its great founder, includes, amongst many others, the names of Handel and Geminiani in instrumental music)—and was afterwards surprised and charmed to hear a symphony of Mozart strike up. This we grant him; the contrast, no doubt, must have been pleasing; but he goes on to say, in the next sentence, what I am obliged very strongly to demur at, as I can consider it as nothing short of blasphemy against the high majesty of a man whom all readers of the "Musical World" must hold in veneration—JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH. His words are these: The Reverend Amateur "had scarcely rested half a dozen bars after the symphony, before he was ding dong at Sebastian Bach again.\* This wilful dropping astern" (mark this ye musical antiquarians) "of the present age is what we venture to object to in music, and what we hope to prove is a mistake." When any composer of the present day is able to write music equal to that of Sebastian Bach, in the opinion of men *really able* to judge in the matter, then, and not till then, will we give him up and transfer our veneration to the new comer: then will we count him as one of the men who "have been" once, but are now "dropped astern." When the poetry of Milton and Shakspeare is allowed never to have been equalled since their day, where is the "dropping astern"?—When no one can deny that Reynolds and Lawrence do not come up to Michael Angelo and Raffaele, where is the dropping astern? And is not the case the same here? As in poetry and painting, so in music; do not all students form their education, and learn their art, from the works of these very men whom the learned Apologist would have us believe are now quite out of date, quite "dropped astern"? Are not the works of these men, Handel, Corelli, and Sebastian Bach, as much the classics of musicians as Homer and Virgil of the scholar, or as Milton and Dryden of the poet?—and yet these all are, by the new order of things, quite "astern."

He goes on to say, "In the first place, the same peculiarity has always existed amongst people who cultivate the art;" and he relates a rather questionable anecdote of Dr. Pepusch and Handel. Now, this assertion that the same peculiarity has always existed, I beg most strenuously to deny.

Haydn said of Handel, "He is the father of us all." Any other music than Bach's was rarely found on the desk of Beethoven; and an affecting story is told of how he used to lie on his death-bed, reading the score of *Israel in Egypt*, "Every note" of which, to use his own good words, "drew blood." Several overtures and instrumental pieces are now extant, I believe, written by Mozart, and actually inscribed by him, "In the style of Handel. Boyce refused to set the same words that Handel had, because his modesty told him how inferior even he was to his great predecessor. Dr. Crotch, after explaining his system of tuning the organ, finishes his work with these glorious words—"He continues to press these opinions, not merely because they are his own, but because in so doing, he is contending for the far higher authority of the judgment and practice of one whom he trusts his opponents must venerate and admire—the greatest of all composers for the sacred instrument, Sebastian Bach." Dr. Callcott says, of "Non nobis," by Byrd, "It will ever remain a lasting ornament to the taste and science of the country in which it was produced." It would be easy, nothing easier, to multiply examples of this kind: the above will suit my purpose; they are strong opinions and by good authorities, but they are all passed over by the Apologist—they, and the great men to whom they refer, are long since "dropped astern," and we must now resign to the shelf, or it may be to the flames, *Israel in Egypt* and the "Well-tempered Clavier" pin our musical faith, on *Il Pirata* or *Les Valses Hongroises*. Thus, I think, I have pretty well proved that "the same peculiarity has not been found at all times amongst those who cultivate the art."

\* Besides the error of placing Sebastian Bach in the "Corelli School," where he certainly is not, I would ask, is not ding dong, to say the least, an improper term. What should we think of a writer, who, in describing a meeting for the purpose of reading poetry, should use such words as the following:—"No sooner, however, was this canto of Christabel over, before they were all ding dong at Milton again." But perhaps this "ding dong" composition is one of Bach's which I do not possess. I have carefully looked through all those of his works which I have, and have found none to which such a term can apply; however, I am quite open to any information on this subject.

It would be ridiculous to give a single moment to noticing the next assertion, in which the Apologist says, of the "blaze of Handel," that it was "A blaze after all which is not meridian." The sayings and opinions which I have recorded above—sayings and opinions of the greatest and ablest judges on the subject; and more perhaps than even these—the unvarying opinion of the great mass of musical people since his day, now near upon 100 years, sufficiently refute it.

He next says, that it would not be difficult to prove his foregoing statements. What the powers of proof of the learned gentleman may be I do not know, nor can I conjecture, for he has not put them forth here; he has not proved his point, and I think it will be impossible for him to do it, more especially if he includes, as I suppose, in his proof the following sentence:—"No: we can know for ourselves, even if the most refined judges had not from time to time allowed it, that *here* perfection, if it is to be arrived at, is before us." This is a sentence I cannot easily understand. Can he mean to say that the state of musical composition of the present day (waltzes, quadrilles, &c.) is perfection? if so, I am afraid he is sadly in fault. From his eulogies of Bellini and Rossini, a page or two further on, I may assume that he intends these masters as his standards of perfection. Whoever admires Bellini, cannot fail to extend his admiration to Donizetti; they are composers of the same class and school in music. Hear the opinion of Von Raumer, a "refined judge," on this point; speaking of *Anna Bolena*, he says, "One must have resigned all ideas of dramatic music, and have lost all memory and trace that such a thing ever existed, before one can give one's admiration to the senseless roulades, the dancing rhythm, the starts, screams, and die away whispers, with which a Royal tyrant, his wife, and her lover, amuse themselves and others in the hour of death. Donizetti is not a dish from which any man of sense or discrimination will endure to be helped twice."\* These few lines really give one a great idea of the Donizetti school: it is not more despicable for the intrinsic worthlessness of the music (as scientific music), than for the total want of all expression, all poetry, so to speak—the music and the libretto each striving which shall outvie the other in paltriness. Are these the men to compete with the giants of old?

The last thing which I shall notice in this "Apology for Harmony" is the passage in which the author mentions the attempts, which many composers have made to represent by music, "not only feelings and passions, but also natural sounds and scenes." I think there must be here an inadvertent mistake (of the press?) "Hence Handel's water music and hailstone chorus." Has the apologist ever heard the water music, or has he never read any account (how meagre soever) of the life of Handel? Had he done the first, he would have been puzzled, I think, to find in the glorious allegro and king of marches, which follows it, any resemblance to water or waterfalls; and, had he done the second, he would have seen the true origin of the term, which I will not suppose any of my readers ignorant enough to require an explanation of. The story may be read in any one of the many Lives of Handel. It would be as well if the "more judicious of modern composers"—Persiani and Bellini, for instance, could (or *would*, according to the apologist, they easily *can*) produce such effects as are produced by a good and "judicious" use of this imitation, in such instances, as "He rebuked the Red Sea," "But the water overwhelmed them," "Glory to god, &c. &c."

I am afraid he is not very well versed in his Bible either, (can this, too, be one of the works "dropped astern") or he would not have made the unlucky blunder which he has when he says that David could not "have composed the Hallelujah Chorus to his own sublime words." He must here mean the Hallelujah in the Messiah, *the Hallelujah par excellence*—in this case, the words are to be found, not in David's Psalms, but in the Revelations. They do not follow in the exact order in which Handel has them, but are as in the note.†

And now I must bring this long rigmarole to a close, not without, I dare say, much joy on the part of my readers. I am aware that I have stretched far beyond proper bounds, and now having taken leave of the Apologist, let me say one word with regard to the state and prospects of music in England. These are most encouraging, when we look at the exertions making on every side for the spread of musical knowledge, and the institution of a *general* musical education, we cannot fail to be cheered by the sight. Six or seven years back how different was the case. Music was *then* thought, apparently, only an enjoyment for those who could give half-a-guinea to a morning concert, or at the Opera House,—*now*, we have Madrigal societies in every provincial town, and glee clubs springing up everywhere—we have a Musical Antiquarian Society—we have singing schools for the town classes, and last we have the Sacred Harmonic Society, a society which ought to be, and I am sure is the pride of all true-hearted lovers of music in England. I would say to that society, do not let the good which you have done stop you from doing more, go on your way and prosper, and the wonders which you have already

\* Letters on England, vol. 1, p. 208, 210.

† Revelation, chap. xix. v. 6, xi. 15, xix. 16.



effected, will be five years' hence, as nothing compared to what you will then achieve. Then let us hope that Handel, and Sebastian Bach, Palestrina, Purcell, and Mozart, will be as household words in our mouths.

[We print the above as a just reproof of the pretension and ignorance with which our periodicals too often presume to teach and correct the public taste.—[Ed. M. W.]

#### REVIEW.

*Classical Practice for the Pianoforte, Selected from the most celebrated Composers Ancient and Modern. Edited by William Sterndale Bennett, No. 3. Coventry and Hollier.*

In this edition of Pianoforte Works, the editor has had rather more trouble than usually falls to the lot of editors, their labour in general not extending beyond the correction of proofs; in the present case, not only that duty, but the selection of pieces, and marking the fingering to any awkward passages—also devolves upon him—and very well has it been performed. The present number contains Haydn's Sonata in E flat, Op. 78. The 1st movement an "Allegro con Maesta" is a very pleasing one, and contains many passages, both for the right and left hand, the practice of which will be very serviceable to pianoforte players. The movement ends, of course, with the chord of E three flats, —an "Adagio Sostenuto," immediately commences without any preparation in E four sharps, to this we decidedly object, neither do we altogether like the doubling between E minor and E major throughout the movement which finishes in E four sharps. The finale, an "Allegro Giocoso" commences in E three flats without preparation—this, we think, worse than the former. The movement is, in itself, a very brilliant sparkling one, and well calculated to produce freedom and elasticity of finger—this movement has, at the beginning, the much-talked-of fault, a repetition of the subject in the minor of the second of the key following immediately on the tonic subject; in general, we do not object to this so much as is fashionable to do, but, in this case, where the tonic subject finishes with a pause, and the supertonic subject does the same, we decidedly object to the monotony. To Messrs. Coventry and Hollier for ourselves, and the musical public generally, we return thanks for bringing out works of such standard as this collection contains, which we trust will save our ears from the infliction of listening to things of parallel difficulty, by Herz and others of the same class. It is not because this sonata contains what we consider to be faults in two or three instances, that it should not be of first-rate excellence, as a whole—the sun has spots, and it is to prevent those who are not suns from hiding entirely their smaller light by specks that would scarcely be observable in the great luminary, that we have noticed them here.

*Beati Immaculati in via Offertorium, inscribed to the Memory of Clelia Veronica Cianchettini, by her brother, Pio Cianchettini. D'Almaine.*

We do not like to criticise this composition considering the circumstances under which it was written. All we shall say is, with regard both to the Offertorium, and the person to whose memory it is offered "Requiescant in pace," "may no rude hands ever disturb their remains"

#### WESTERN MADRIGAL SOCIETY.

The following regulations are to be strictly conformed to by candidates for the Prize given by the Western Madrigal Society for the most approved madrigal.—

I. That the competition for the Prize be confined to twelve professional gentlemen, who shall be invited by the committee to write, and any members or honorary members (Professional or non-professional) of the Society.

II. That the composition be written in not less than four or more than five parts. The words at the option of the composer.

III. That each gentleman sending a composition be required to fix a *particular mark or motto* to the same, accompanying it with a *sealed letter* containing the name and address of the composer; with the corresponding mark or motto on the *outside*.

IV. That a *fair score*, written on long ten stave paper, with the voices designated by their proper clefs, be sent by each candidate to the secretary, agreeably to regulation III., on or before October 1st, 1841.

V. That no competitor send in more than one composition.

VI. That no member, being a candidate, shall vote on the merits of the compositions.

VII. That the copies sent in remain the property of the society, but the right of publication remain with the composers.

VIII. That all communications to the secretary be forwarded free of expense.

By order of the Committee.

G. W. BUDD, Hon. Sec.

### MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE. METROPOLITAN.

M.M. LIDEL AND GIULIO REGONDI'S CONCERT.—These talented artists were honoured by the attendance of a numerous company of friends of high distinction, on the evening of Wednesday the 9th instant, at the Hanover-square Rooms.

M. Lidel is a violoncellist of a very high order; his tone is sweet, and his execution brilliant and perfect, and in any other country but that of our old friend Lindley, M. Lidel would be considered as unique upon the instrument. He performed a charming Trio of Mendelssohn, with Messrs. Salomon and Eliason, in the most artistical manner, and his execution of a Tyrolean air with variations elicited unanimous and loud applause; M. Lidel also played a duet with his co-partner, Signor G. Regondi, on the concertina, which was enthusiastically received. The mastery which the Signor has achieved over the new and imperfect instrument he plays is very surprising, and the effects produced, which, blended with the tones of the violoncello, often deceive us into the belief that we are listening to a Quartet of string performers, are extremely clever and pleasing. Signor Regondi is also an adroit Guitarist, and as he uses an instrument larger than the ordinary dimensions, with more than the usual number of strings, he in some measure conquers the *ennui* which to us appears inseparable from a guitar perpetration. Mme. Dorus Gras sang two of her very popular French opera songs, and "Dunque io son" with Sig. Tamburini, charmingly; the latter also gave us Rossini's "Sorgete" in his usual excellent style. Mdlle. Ostergaard and Miss Masson gave us "Perche mi guardi e piangi" very cleverly. Mr. J. Bennett sang "Adelaida" most chastely. Miss Birch warbled with more than her accustomed spirit, J. Parry's "Tambourine Girl." Mr. Ferrari surprised us with a fuller voice and more perfect delicacy than we had hitherto given him credit for, in "Vi Ravisio;" and Mr. John Parry was, according to the imperative law of custom, compelled to do double duty. The whole was skilfully conducted by Mr. Salomon.

MR. STRETTON'S BENEFIT AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.—We were right glad to find a crowded house on Friday last, proving that audiences are to be got into this (as the phrase is) "ill-fated establishment" whenever a disposition is evinced to deserve the patronage solicited.

Barnett's *Mountain Sylph* was the standing dish, and the garnish a number of choice *morceaux* by Mme. Dorus Gras, Mrs. Toulmin, Mesdames Birch, Bruce Wyatt, and Dolby, Messrs. Wilson and John Parry, Mrs. Anderson, M.M. Lidel and Regondi, Mr. H. Blagrove and Mr. Richardson, the flautist. There was, however, nothing which we have not noticed a score of times at least, although much was probably novel to the audience assembled, unless we may add that Sig. and Mme. F. Lablache had not arrived to fulfil their engagement to Mr. Stretton at twelve o'clock, when we quitted the theatre.

M. LISZT'S RECITALS.—We walk through this world in the midst of so many wonders, that our senses become indifferent to the most amazing things: light and life, the ocean, the forest, the voice and flight of the pigmy lark, are un-

heeded commonplaces; and it is only when some comet, some giant, some tiger-tamer, some new Niagara, some winged being (mental or bodily, and unclassified in the science of ornithology) appears, that our obdurate faculties are roused into the consciousness that miracles do exist. Of the miracle genus is M. Liszt, the Polyphemus of the pianoforte—the Aurora Borealis of musical effulgence—the Niagara of thundering harmonies! His rapidity of execution, his power, his delicacy, his Briareus-handed chords, and the extraordinary volume of sound he wrests from the instrument, are each and all philosophies in their way that might well puzzle all but a philosopher to unriddle and explain.

M. Liszt performed the overture to *Guillaume Tell* on Saturday afternoon, in a style of brilliance and grandeur exceeding his own unparalleled efforts; also, a "Tarantella," and the "Polacca" from *Puritani*, and a Fantasia on themes from *La Sonnambula*; and, assisted by Mr. Benedict, whose valour was more commendable than his professional discretion, concluded the day's achievement with Thalberg's *Norma* duet—such was the title by which the piece was announced; but the elaborations of Thalberg, albeit cleverly got through by Mr. Benedict, were but as the canvass of the picture—the rude metal form upon which the gold and burnish and jewellery of the artist were to be laid and clustered; the bird-like flight over tones and semitones, and the whelming masses of arpeggios that occasionally rose as from the depths of the sea, billowing the formidable movement of the other instrument, fairly bewitched and bewildered the audience out of mundane life, and metamorphosed Willis's room into Prospero's island, where the raising or quelling of a tempest, the growling Caliban, or the gentle Ariel, were equally matters of mortal control.

M. Liszt apologised in French for his inability to play all the pieces advertised, on account of his recent accident; and Mdlle. Loewe and Herr Staudigl lent their talents to make this short, spirited, and unique entertainment, perhaps the most pleasant of the season—it lasted an hour and a half, and, not the less on that account, was worth half a dozen of three and four hours each. The "monster" folks at the Opera rooms should profit by M. Liszt's example.

The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge were present, with a large number of the nobility, and nearly all the musical *élite* of the metropolis.

MRS. W. SEGUIN AND MISS BRUCE WYATT'S CONCERT.—This was, perhaps, the most multitudinous assembly of the year—the Hanover-Square *Salon* must have contained upwards of eight hundred persons on Monday afternoon, to say nothing of those who loitered in the anterooms for the "benefit of the air," the "breath of music" not being the coolest at this season. The performance was vocal, peppered (may we say—sugared?) with an occasional sprinkling of digital notes of a racy order.

Hummel's *Septuor* abridged according to precedent into two movements, was very well played by Messrs. Holmes, Richardson, Lazarus, C. Harper, Willy, Lindley, and Howell, though Mr. Holmes was labouring under the disadvantage of a sprained hand—the pianist-epidemic since M. Liszt's accident. "Toulu's" "Recollections of Ireland" were cleverly given by Messrs. Richardson and Carte, and inhaled by a goodly number of the audience as, not only gentle airs, but absolute "stiff breezes from the green isle." The next was an instrumental *bizarre* of exquisite finish and drollery—a trio of Corelli in F, by Messrs. Vieuxtemps, Lindley, and Howell, in which the saying that "extremes meet" was for once verified—as for poor Lindley, he seemed momentarily liable to the illustration of another adage "between" his "two" companion's "stools"—however, he is a well-known good-humoured joker, and fully competent to give and take a joke, practical or otherwise—the piece was much enjoyed, by none more than the lark, antelope, and whale (so to speak with reverence), thus brought for once into closer fraternity. Mdlle. Bertucat performed a harp *Fantasia* with some "harp effect" and considerable applause. Messrs. Vieuxtemps and Holmes also played each a solo—the latter a piece of journeywork in his own peculiar way—the ravelling out of a remnant of Strauss's carpet, and reweaving of the worsted into a web of mock cashmere—both were enthusiastically received.

Mrs. W. Seguin sang "With verdure clad," and the delicious "Batti, batti," accompanied by Mr. Lindley—each in a sweet and pure style rarely ap-

proachable by her fair rivals. Miss Bruce Wyatt, whose genuine taste is always evinced by her selection of pieces, gave us "*Lascia ch' io pianga*," by Handel, and Haydn's "My mother bids me," most eloquently and meritorious of the hearty applause they received. The other vocalists were Mesdames, Dorus Gras, F. Lablache, Misses Woodyatt and M. B. Hawes, Messrs. Brizzi, W. Seguin, John Parry, F. Lablache, Tamburini, and a Signor Arigotti whom we have not before met with—there was, however, nothing performed, requiring particular notice, all having been frequently repeated during the last month, unless we except Rossini's "*Ah! gia trascorse*"—a most charming song in A sharp minor, from the opera of *Zelmira*, admirably given by Signor Tamburini, and which deserves to be widely known.

**MR. ADAMS'S ORGAN PERFORMANCE.**—A very numerous company, including many of the principal players and amateurs of the instrument, was assembled at the factory of Messrs. Gray and Davison in the New Road, on Monday evening, when Mr. Thomas Adams opened a new organ, built for the Catholic Chapel, at Preston, Lancashire: it is an instrument of very superior qualities; the voicing, distribution of the stops, and mechanical parts are in the style of perfection which has characterised many productions of the same builders. Of the superb performance of Mr. Adams, which has been so long well known and admired, it was almost needless to speak. His sweet and impassioned rendering of some lovely airs by Haydn, Winter, and Mozart, was exquisite, pouring forth a flood of fascination, of which the organ is rarely made to be redolent; his "*Non piu andrai*" was a burst of bright sunshine amidst the sportive zephyrs of a flower-garden, and was encored just as we all would—if we could—recall the gay days of youth and summer.

This organ is extremely well adapted for its destination—the performance of Mass music, which is mostly written for orchestras. The quality of its stops, and its mechanical facilities being capable of producing very striking instrumental effects, as was fully tested by Mr. Adams on this occasion. Mr. Adams's fugal improvisations were, as usual, masterpieces of knowledge and skill.

**PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.**—The following is the glorious programme of Monday—the last performance of the series:—

## PART I.

Sinfonia in D .....	Beethoven.
Romance, Mme. Dorus Gras, Va dit elle (Robert le Diable).....	Meyerbeer.
Septetto, Pianoforte, Flute, Oboe, Horn, Viola, Violoncello, and Contra Bass	
Messrs. Liszt, Ribus, G. Cooke, Jarrett, Loder, Lindley and Dragonetti.....	Hummel.
Cantata, Mdlle. Loewe, "Adelaide," accompanied on the Pianoforte by Mr. Moscheles.....	Beethoven.
Overture, Freyschutz .....	C. M. von Weber.

## PART II.

Sinfonia, No. 8 .....	Haydn.
Air and Quatuor, Mme. Dorus Gras, the Misses Williams, and Miss Dolby,	
O beau pays (Les Huguenots) .....	Meyerbeer.
Quintetto, Two Violins, Two Violas, and Violoncello, Messrs. Vieuxtemps,	
F. Cramer, Loder, T. Cooke and Lindley .....	Beethoven.
Air, Mr. Phillips, Pour forth no more (Jephtha) .....	Handel.
Overture, Tamerlane .....	Winter.
Leader, Mr. Loder.—Conductor, Mr. Moscheles.	

We have called this a glorious programme, for that it contains more classical names and pieces than any of the present year. The two Symphonies and the two Overtures were most excellently performed, particularly those of the first part. We never recollect the band in better spirit, nor the audience in after humour; the one was worthy of the other, each having abundant reason for self gratulation and mutual satisfaction. The Septet of Hummel was that in D minor; we were disappointed by the rendering of the pianoforte part, not that it wanted brilliancy, power, contrast, in short, all the ingredients of a super-eminent performance; but one may varnish a picture till it looks like a daub—till the hair marks of the pencil show like obtrusive and incorrect lines. M. Liszt is an artist to the core—to the marrow, and we expected from him something better and wiser than the putting of additional accompaniments to a work never intended to be a full or forceful piece. Mozart's additions to Handel strengthen the strong; M. Liszt's emendations of Hummel break down the

tender original. Moreover, we must protest against the false taste of repeated *ritordandos*, which, in the maudlin sentimentalities of the day, serve but as capillaire sauce to the sickly sugarplums, and in the performance of works of a classical character are positively intolerable to the educated ear. Conceive the Venus di Medici with her fingers wire-drawn beyond their native symmetrical length, and Prince Esterhazy's diamond coat upon her shoulders. We are quite sure M. Liszt would shudder at the sight of such an abomination, and with his wonderful capabilities of expression and his evident enthusiasm for high art, we do hope he will not again inflict his friends and hearers. Of a widely different quality was the performance of Beethoven's Quintet in C; it was a wreath of chaste flowers round the rose-scented vase—a genuine artistic tribute to the genius of an artist. But for an evident deference on the part of his colleagues to the *violino primo*, which he by no means required, the performance would have been perfect; as it was, the Quintet was delicious, and M. Vieuxtemps, by his share of it, has raised himself beyond all competition with the violinists of our times.

Mme. Dorus Gras was not so happy as usual in the selection made for her; her piece in the second act was a tediously dry affair in which the three young ladies by her side were reluctant sinecurists. Let us, however, not forget the former pleasure we owe to this fine songstress and artist, nor her noble relinquishment of remuneration for this year's service, save the treasurable reflection that she has enlivened and assisted the London Philharmonic concerts. Mdlle. Loewe sang "Adelaida" most unaffectedly, and in pure taste, though, we know not how, the accompaniment marred the effect. Mr. Moscheles, perhaps, found some of M. Liszt's errors lingering on the instrument, and they might have spelled his fingers. Mr. Phillips sang as usual, clearly and impressively, qualities, alas! going fast "into the vale of shadowy oblivion."

Everybody was delighted with the evening's entertainment, and the hopes of the Society are in the ascendant.

ROYAL SURREY THEATRE.—There is no more decisive contradiction to the national aspersion of our fashion-prejudiced enemies, nor does music need any fairer hope of ultimate empire in this country than what may be derived from the fact, that this establishment is nightly crowded to overflow, by audiences who evince, by their rivetted attention and earnest applause, that they possess a susceptibility and intelligence for the musical entertainments now given there, which prouder operatic assemblies very rarely example. We have called the applause of these multitudinous audiences "correct," because it always happens in the right places—a proof that it is genuine; and if it do lean a little more towards the executive than the ideal, there is high authority for the error in quarters where the honest heartiness of its expression would be a shock to conventional sophistications.

John Barnett's *Mountain Sylph*, and Bellini's *Sonnambula*, have alternately attracted the Surrey monde during some weeks past; and the talents of Miss Romer, Mrs. Serle, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Leffler, have never been better appreciated, nor more highly rewarded; but Monday was a musical "Ovation" in Surrey; the production, for the first time in this country, of Adolphe Adams's very pleasant opera, *La reine d'un jour*, inundated the theatre at an early hour, and the performance was a piece of enthusiasm, both as concerned the actors and the audience, from the rise to the fall of the curtain.

The *libretto* of this opera is of the light, effervescent genera, so attractive in France and, like her champagne, so exhilaratingly enjoyable everywhere—it has been extremely well and judiciously adapted, is sprightly in dialogue, ludicrous in its incidents, and has a rapidity of action which never flags nor tires—the humour and interests of the piece arise out of the arrival at Dover of Francine Camusat, a French milliner (Miss Romer) at the moment the Queen of Charles the Second is expected to land—her being identified as the Queen by a courtier lady Pembroke (Miss Martin)—the consequent obsequiousness of Trumbell, an innkeeper, (Mr. Leffler) and his niece, (Mrs. Serle)—the astonishment and jealousy of Marcel (Mr. Wilson) a forsaken lover of the heroine—her alternate assumption and denial of the regal rights—her seizure by the roundheads—and the

satisfactory adjustment of all differences by the landing of King Charles to reclaim his birthright: Miss Romer displayed a talent for easy comedy, which she has hitherto had but few and rare opportunities of cultivating; we never saw Mr. Wilson so completely at home as in the part of Marcel; Mrs. Serle was quite à la soubrette, and Mr. Leffler fairly leapt out of himself and became funny—Miss Martin and a Mr. Stoker, who played one of the Queen's mock court, contributed their share to the general interest of the piece, which, as an effective musical comedy, rivals anything hitherto achieved upon the English stage.

The music is like the drama—airy, vivacious, and never wearisome—the best pieces are “Tra la la,” capitably given by Mr. Wilson and chorus—the duet, “Yes I have sworn,” a very characteristic piece, well supported by Miss Romer and Mr. Wilson—“Though others offer to thy charms,” sung by Mr. Stoker in a most pleasing manner—and “To save the gentle maid,” a very sweet melody, delicately sung by Mr. Wilson.

All praise is due to Mr. Stansbury the *Maestro*, and Mr. J. T. Haines, the adapter and stage-manager, for the complete and perfect manner in which this opera has been produced; and we venture to prophecy a satisfactory remuneration to the management by a long and prosperous run.

SIG. AND MME. F. LABLACHE'S CONCERT, at the Opera-room.

MR. FREDERICK WILLIAMS'S CONCERT, at the Hanover-square Rooms.

These performances, which took place yesterday, will be noticed next week.

#### MISCELLAENOUS.

GERMAN OPERA.—The houses have been latterly much improved both in numbers and quality; her Majesty and consort, the court, and their royal highnesses of Cambridge, have attended during the past week. Herr Tichatschek has proved himself the “hit” of the season; he is young, rather prepossessing, and a good actor; his voice is excellent, and his style, though not wanting in cultivation, is more indebted to nature than art. Our readers will have learned full particulars of the calamitous fire at Astley's; it gives us extreme pleasure to state that Herr Schumann and his company have tendered the theatre and their services gratuitously for the benefit of Mr. Ducrow, than whom there is no one theatrical person more justly entitled to sympathy and assistance, if but as a return for the thousand generous acts which have honoured his feelings even beyond the celebrity of his professional reputation. Tuesday next is fixed for this testimonial of artistic brotherhood, which, we hope and trust, will be crowned with a bumper.

NATIVE TALENT.—It is quite delightful in this fashionable mania for exotic music, to record a *soiree* given by Mr. Taylor, of Eaton-square, last week, at which Sir George Smart presided, and the artists engaged, with the exception of two, were entirely of home growth and culture. Above two hundred persons of the highest distinction paid the best tribute to Mr. Taylor's good taste, by their evident enjoyment of the entertainment provided for them.

ITALIAN OPERA.—The season has arrived at its zenith, and overflows are of nightly occurrence. *Figaro* was repeated last Thursday with great *gusto*. M. Laporte is in Paris, catering for the ballet department, for the singers have been so frequently and constantly heard at the “monster” concerts as well as the Opera, that their ultra-attraction may naturally be expected to be verging towards the wane, and spice will be required for the worn out palates of the *monde* in the coming dog-days. Mme. Taglioni, who is at present in Milan, comes to stand her ground (or at least leap over it) beside her fascinating rival, Mdle. Cerito, forthwith.

MISS HAWES AND HER FATHER have convened a vocal parliament to be holden on Friday (to-morrow) evening, in St. Cecilia's Chapel, Hanover-square. A large majority of the most distinguished members have been specially summoned for the occasion, and the debate is expected to be one of great interest and importance; a few seats on the independent benches may, we believe, yet be secured, but the canvass is active, and chances are limited.



**PROFESSIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.**—On Monday afternoon several members of this Society assembled at St. Mildred's Church, in the Poultry, to pay a tribute to the remains of Mr. Joseph Atkins (brother to J. O. Atkins, the bass singer), which were deposited in the silent grave. Mr. Atkins was one of the original members of the Society, and he also belonged to the Ancient Concert chorus, and was much respected by his associates. The choir consisted of fourteen ladies and twenty gentlemen, who sang a portion of a Burial Service composed by Dr. Callcott, and performed at Westminster Abbey, October 29, 1802, when Dr. Arnold was buried, "I heard a voice from Heaven," also "Blest be the departed," verse and chorus, from Spohr's *Last Judgment*. Mr. G. F. Harris (we believe) presided at the organ.

**PRIZE FOR MUSICIANS.**—The Western Madrigal Society having resolved to give a prize for the best production in the Madrigal style of composition, have invited the most eminent native composers to compete with the members of the Society on this occasion. When we mention that Messrs. W. S. Bennett, Horsley, E. J. Loder, Beale, Goss, Bishop, G. A. Macfarren, John Barnett, T. Cooke, Walmisley, &c., &c., have been summoned to "the lists," a sharp and chivalrous encounter may be expected.

**THE LATE MR. WILLMAN.**—A Committee has been formed for the arrangement of a concert, on the 28th instant, for this lamented artist's family, and their views have been promptly met by M. Laporte, in the gratuitous use of the Operaroom, with permission for the Italian corps to perform. Mesdames Grisi, Persiani, Garcia, Signori Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, and Costa, Misses Birch and Hawes, Messrs. Hobbs and H. Phillips, Herr Staudigl, M. Vieuxtemps, and the whole of the Philharmonic Band have already volunteered their services, so that a performance of the highest character may be anticipated; and it is earnestly hoped that the public patronage will be commensurate with the zeal of the profession and the amiable object they have in view. Mr. Budd, the bookseller, of Pall-mall, is appointed treasurer, and has opened a book for the contributions of Mr. Willman's countless friends and admirers.

**SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.**—The annual general meeting of this Society will take place at Mr. Erat's Ware-rooms, in Berner's street, on Tuesday next, for the election of new members and other business. We strongly recommend the Society to concentrate its numbers, and thereby consolidate its strength.

**THE LATE MR. GODBE.**—It will be recollected that this gentleman expired lately under very distressing circumstances, leaving a widow and four young children totally unprovided for. Mr. Benedict and a long list of professional friends have arranged a concert for the afflicted family, which will take place in the Hanover-square Rooms, on the 29th instant, to which we earnestly invite the attendance of the lovers of music, who are ever the friends of the mourner and the fatherless. Tickets may be obtained at the principal music-shops, where subscriptions are received, as also at our office, No. 1, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar square.

#### MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

Thursday—(this evening) Mr. Neate's third and last concert.  
 Friday—Mr. and Miss M. B. Hawes's evening concert.  
 Saturday—The Third Academy of Music Concert, two o'clock.  
 Monday—(morning) the Misses Geary; evening, Mdle. Launitz.  
 Tuesday—(morning) Mr. Sedlatzek.  
 Wednesday—(morning) Miss Bott; evening, Mr. Handel Gear.  
 German Opera, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday.  
 Italian Opera, Saturday, Tuesday, and Thursday.  
 Promenades Musicales this evening, Monday, and Tuesday.  
 Operas at the Surrey Theatre every evening.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS,

"Areticus," our article was in type before his note came to hand. We solicit information from time to time, which will be preferable in the form of a letter.

"Lyrus," "Second Fiddle," "A Chorister," and others, shall have an early account of the new scheme for establishing a school and theatre for dramatic music, which is at present, we are told, scarcely sufficiently mature for publication.

## WORKS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

"Sweet Village Bells"—J. W. Davison. "The lover to his mistress"—J. W. Davison. "I have wept mine eyes tearless"—J. W. Davison.

## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.			
Bates, F. W.—Deh conte	Mills.	Osborne, G. A.—Marie, Reverie	Chappell.
Donizetti.—Gemma di Vergy, Diabelli,		—Fantasia from Halevy's	
book 1, duet	Ditto.	opera, Guitarrero, op. 30	Ditto.
—ditto ditto, book 2	Ditto.	Beethoven, Second Quintett for two violins,	
L. Schulz and F. Faeager, Second Duet for		two tenors, and violoncello, E flat, op. 29	Wessel.
guitar and piano, from Norma	Chappell.	Romberg.—Souvenir d'Hambourg, Diverti-	
Griffiths, R.—Three, Airs varied, no. 1, Robin		mento in C, violin and piano	Ditto.
Adair	Wessel.	Gang, M.—Mes Loisirs six Characteristic	
Beethoven, Eighteenth Trio for piano, violin		Pieces, op. 22 for ditto	Ditto.
and violoncello, being his op. 44, original			
variations	Ditto.	VOCAL.	
Raper, C. Esq.—Overture performed before		Sporle, N. J.—The Voices of Home	Chappell.
the opera Norma, and arranged by the		Hopkins, E. J.—May Morning, duet	Ditto.
author for two performers	Boosey.	Series of German Songs, no. 264, Two Fish-	
MISCELLANEOUS.		ermen at e'en, by Baerwolf	Wessel.
Osborne, G. A.—Le Castillan; Bolero	Chappell.	Donizetti.—Gemma, Tu che voli, preghiera	Mills.
		—Ditto, Taci ah piu, terezetto	Ditto.
		—Ditto, A te signor, canzone	Ditto.

**THE LATE MR. WILLMAN.—A GRAND MORNING CONCERT** for the BENEFIT of the WIDOW and FAMILY of this distinguished clarinet player, who have been left in distressed circumstances, will be given (by the kind permission of M. Laporte) in the Opera Concert Room, on MONDAY, June 38. The elite of the German Operas and native vocalists with several distinguished and instrumental artists, and the bands of the Philharmonic and Opera orchestras, have kindly consented to give their valuable assistance. Conductor, Signor Costa; Leaders, Messrs. F. Crämer and J. D. Loder. Further particulars will be duly announced.  
91, Great Portland Place. GEORGE SMART, Hon. Sec.

### VOCAL MUSIC performed for the first time in this country, at the Concerts of Ancient Music, viz.—

	s.	d.
Handel's Rec. ed Aria—Lascia ch'io pianga	1	6
Gluck's Arietta con Coro—Invano alcun desir	1	6
—Coro ed Aria—Come consuma l'avidia fiamma	2	0
The above sung by Mlle. Pauline Viardot Garcia.		
Winter's Notturmo—Cobet papaveri, 3 voci; sung by Mesdames	1	6
Grish, Persiani, and Viardot Garcia	1	6
Martin Luther's Corales, Nos. 1, 2, and 3	each	2 0
All the above, as arranged for the Concerts of Ancient Music by Henry R. Bishop, Conductor, Mus. Bac. Oxon., and published by permission of the Royal and Noble Directors. Also,		
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